God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His Man enters with his Bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweet

Line 4 Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth.
18 thou not in.